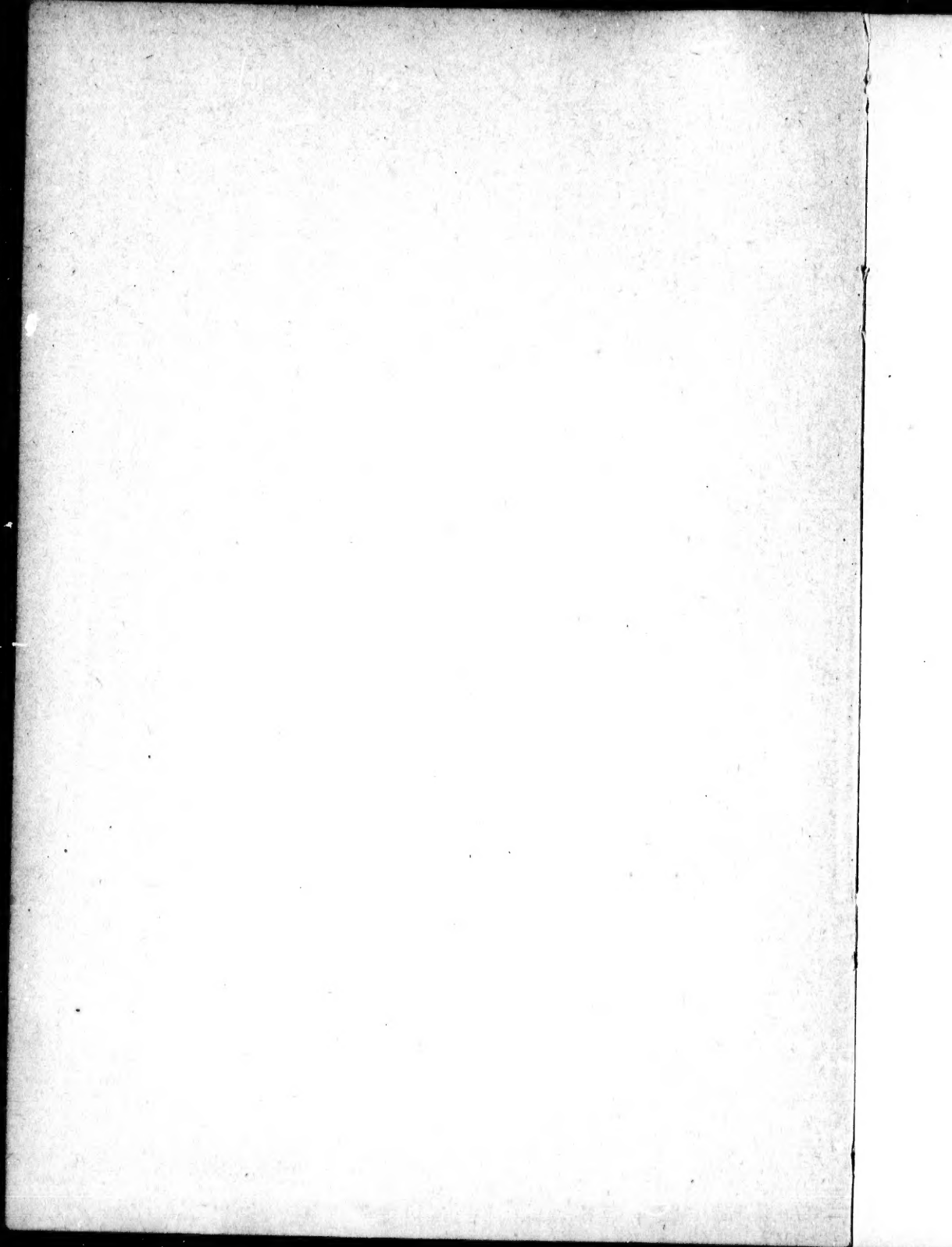






The



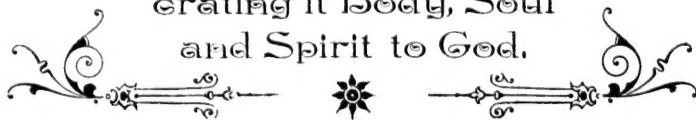
Diamond



Wreath



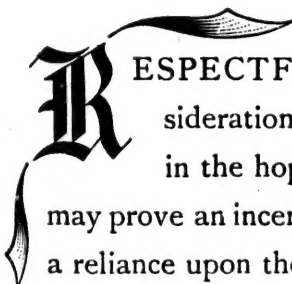
Is my life after Conse-
crating it Body, Soul
and Spirit to God.



THOUGHTS IMPRESSIONS

IN PROSE AND VERSE.



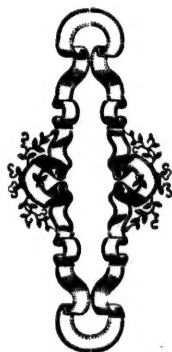
 **R**ESPECTFULLY submitted for the consideration of her Friends and Relatives, in the hope that to many of them they may prove an incentive to trustful endurance, and a reliance upon the good Providence of God.

SUSANNAH BERGEY.

Hespeler, April 18th, 1896,



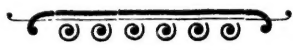
The Silver Thread of Life is Wrought in-
to a fabric of exceeding beauty when
the design given by Infinite Wisdom is
accurately traced.



*Life's Silver Thread unbroken,
Is lengthened day by day,
To weave its own design
Through life's uncertain way ;
Unless an unseen hand,
The brittle thread will guide,
And weave through His own bright design,
A work that will abide.*

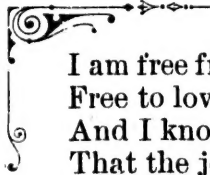


I SHALL enjoy the eternal day where God
is the light. How precious He is to me
now ; what shall it be there ? Only a
little while of waiting : only a little while and
I shall be with Him forever.

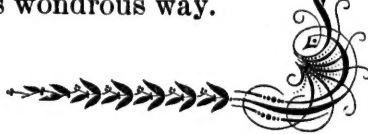


Thanksgiving.

RECLAIMED.



I am free from the grief that oppressed me,
Free to love thee again ;
And I know now by faith's intuition,
That the joy of my heart shall remain
To gladden in life my existence,
And make it a long thanksgiving day—
To the God who in mercy has led me
In love through life's wondrous way.



Morrison, Sept. 14., 1884.

Sunday Evening.

*Past are all the shades of night,
Sweet to me the Glorious Light.*



SUNSHINE :

Oh my God, how glad I feel that Thou hast spared my life to see and enjoy this day. The glorious sun rose this morning in all its splendor, and made me feel thankful for life and its enjoyments, and the Sun of my soul has made me feel the joys of a spiritual life. How sweet to bask in the sunlight of God's love, and to feel that the day grows brighter—that the destiny of one's life is to be eternally happy in God. It is only dawn now, but thank God the sun has risen within the jeweled walls of the Celestial City.



A Lovely Evening.



THIS is a lovely evening, pleasant like summer, with stars shining overhead, and a crescent moon. Soft clouds, white and fleecy, scattered here and there over the azure and gold, and not a breath to disturb the calm. All seems peace and quiet in nature. The mind delights to revel in the surrounding beauties and drink deeply of the joys we feel when nature presents to us her most lovely phases. It is just such a scene that makes one long to cast aside all care, and roam in the Elysian dreamland. But no, the spell is broken forever that enchants me with hopes of peace and rest in this world. In the quiet of this delightful evening comes to me a whisper, WATCH—PRAY that ye enter not into temptation. In God only is my repose. Thou, oh my God, art my one and my all.



Resting in Hope Sweetly.



The destiny of life becomes clearer. I rest in hope sweetly, knowing that God can best guide the frail vessel through the tempest of life. I have been tempted but in God is my victory. To Him I ascribe the praise. The Star of peace and hope shines clearly.



More than life art Thou to me.



God is so good and true. Tongue cannot express His goodness and greatness. We must accept all his mercies as a free gift. I can bring Thee nothing but the devotion of my heart, and that shall be thine everlastingly. No one can deprive me of my allegiance to Thee. Bound to Thee by love. Ever Thine. Oh, how precious the thought. God loves me, I know it, I feel it. How blessed my relationship with God my Creator, Saviour, and Eternal Friend. The thought comes to me sometimes, that if all the world knew and loved God as I do, how happy many would be who are now so miserable.



September 30th.

God's Love to me.

IT IS sweet and delightful to praise my God. There is nothing gives me so much pleasure as to know that God is with me, and that His approbation rests on me. My heart is lifted up to God in gratitude and praise, for I am so happy when I think what God has done for me.

My Day not to be Forgotten.

My existence is prolonged into another day, and this day I will spend with and for my God. Oh that my life may be spent acceptably in His sight. I wish I could do something for my God; something to glorify Him, and so I can. I will live for Him. How much this means, to live for God; a giving-up of all unrighteousness; a life of self denial. But what a noble life; what a blessed life. My life is very precious in Thy sight. Give me grace to apply all my powers wisely and well, that all I do may redound to Thy honor and glory.



✻ PEACE.



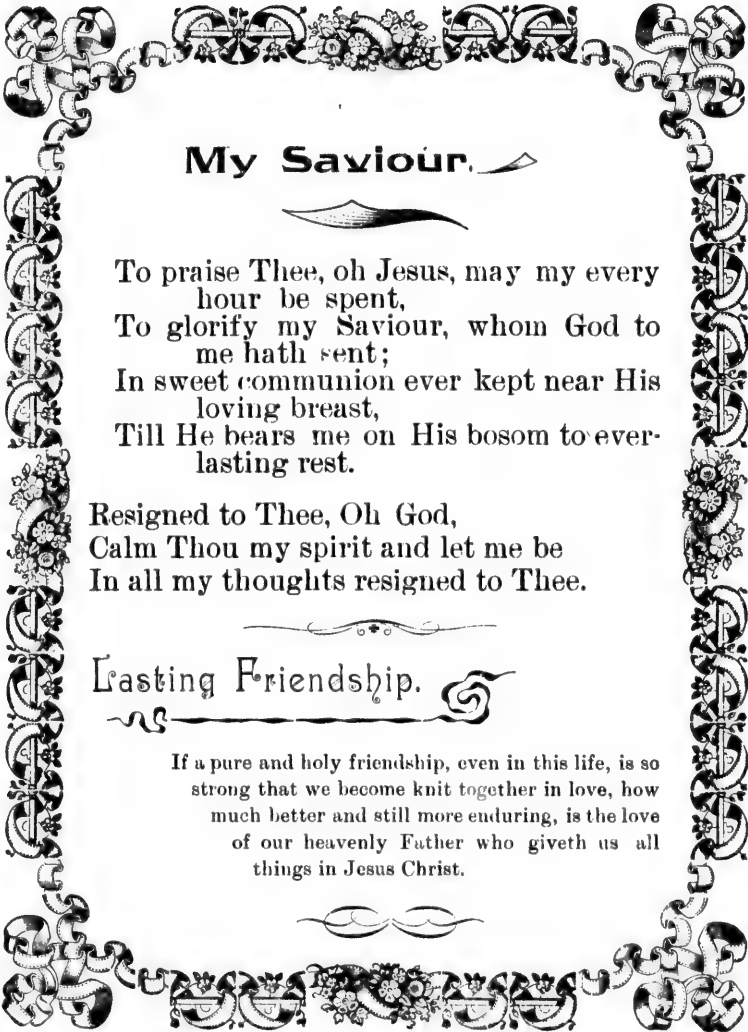
I AM at peace and happy in God. Earthly ties are falling away and my dependence is solely on God. May I from this day forth, live a life wholly consecrated to His service. Cleanse me oh God, and I shall be clean ; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.



FEB. 13th, 1885.

I feel as if a new era had commenced in my life. I feel so entirely given up to God. I am willing to be anything or nothing for Thee. In spirit and truth keep me thine. My heart feasts on Thee my Saviour, my one, my all.





My Saviour.



To praise Thee, oh Jesus, may my every
hour be spent,
To glorify my Saviour, whom God to
me hath sent;
In sweet communion ever kept near His
loving breast,
Till He bears me on His bosom to ever-
lasting rest.

Resigned to Thee, Oh God,
Calm Thou my spirit and let me be
In all my thoughts resigned to Thee.



Lasting Friendship.



If a pure and holy friendship, even in this life, is so
strong that we become knit together in love, how
much better and still more enduring, is the love
of our heavenly Father who giveth us all
things in Jesus Christ.



Right Living.



May I always think, write, speak, and live in
accordance with God's will. Then and
only then will life be worth living. I
feel more and more my inability to do
so in my own strength, but God
hath promised grace according
to our need.



*Bring beneath Thy strong control,
Every passion of my soul.*

THE VOICE OF JESUS.



A whisper comes to me,
'Tis sweet to be so near to Thee,
That I may hear Thy voice,
And in thy Word rejoice,
Which Thou to me dost speak,
When faith is faltering or grows weak.



*Great is thy love that Thou savest me,
From the depth of mine iniquity.*



Not in the heat of noontide when the orb
of day is high,
But at the cool of evening when zephyrs
breezes sigh,
A step is heard in the garden, and a voice
is calling to me,
Come weary one to Thy Father's arms, a
welcome is waiting for thee.

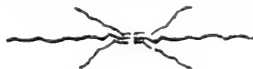
A Feast of Love.



An Entire Consecration to God is a Feast of love. When all our powers are called forth to do God's Will, it is then that we realize the sweetness of religion in its full extent. When all else must give way, and Faith triumphs over every obstacle. May the portion of my life be to sit at Jesus' Feet.



The Good Part.



I have made my choice for life. I have chosen to live for God. May I glorify Him in body, soul and spirit, which are His.



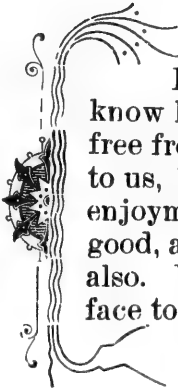
A Delightful Valley.



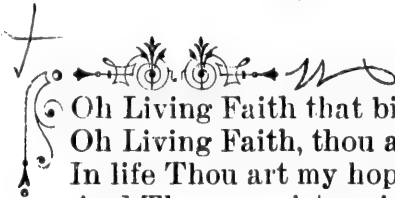
THAT Jesus loves me dearly is my consolation, and He will give me my heart's desire. He has destined for me a path, and it has led me into the valley of humiliation, and there may I ever abide. Yes, after my rugged and dangerous journey, I have reached a delightful valley, sheltered from storms, with clear skies overhead. Here bloom fairest flowers, and fruits of the Spirit grow luxuriantly. Here flows a river, clear as crystal, and on its placid waters I sail majestically. Here the three sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity, dwell harmoniously together, and here where peace and joy give me sweet rest. I count the treasures I have found : jewels, rare and precious. They have cost me much, but I will prize them. Crowned with victory by the hands of my King, I will kneel at His altar and offer the fragrant incense of one of the happiest hearts that ever throbbed with joy. Radiant light from the throne, overspreads the scene and makes my valley really delightful.



Living Faith.



Life is so beautiful, especially when once we know how to enjoy it. When once the heart is set free from sin, we see and realize how good God is to us, by making all creation so beautiful for our enjoyment. He is good. All that He has made is good, and when we come to Him, He makes us good also. We shall be like Him for we shall see Him face to face.



Oh Living Faith that binds me Lord to Thee,
Oh Living Faith, thou art my soul's sure destiny ;
In life Thou art my hope, in death my power,
And Thou my victory in every trying hour.



THE RIVER OF LIFE.

*The Stream of Life bears me
gently to my Everlasting Rest.*



Following Jesus.



WHEN I had no other friend, Christ drew me to himself in great kindness and love, and I will now follow Him. Where can I find such a friend as Christ? I look about me but find none like the fairest among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely.

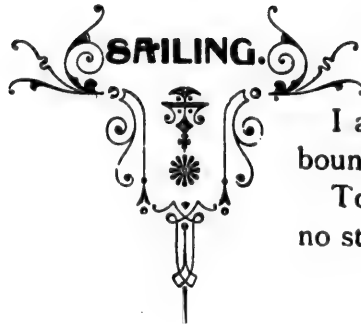
Thee would I serve with all my powers,
Devote to Thee life's golden hours.

NOVEMBER 17th.

The Bible.

The Bible is so precious to me because it teaches me what I can learn no where else, about God and His eternal love to me.

MORRISTON, May 11th, 1885.



I am sailing on the ocean of God's
boundless love,

To the fair celestial haven where
no storms my soul shall move.



To Jesus may this little volume be dedicat-
ed. May nothing be entered that would tend
to mar the purity of its pages. Nothing is so
precious to me as my Saviour; and my life is
His, not only by redemption, but also by con-
secration.

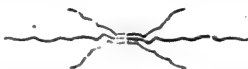
I wish no other way to know,
Than that which thou hast bid me go.



PRAISE.



Help me to praise Thee, Lord,
In every thought and word.



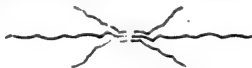
MORNING THOUGHTS.

Sweetly on Thy bosom sleeping,
In Thy loving care and keeping ;
Why should I not trust when light,
Sweeps away the shades of night ;
Then committed I would be,
Night and day my God to Thee.

May 18th.



Clinging to Jesus I ever would be,
Resting and hoping and trusting in Thee.



Jesus, Oh Jesus, keep me wherever I go. I know thou wilt. I gave myself to Thee, body, soul and spirit. Thou wilt guide me, I trust Thee. Make and keep me humble that I may bear my cross cheerfully; willingly suffering all things for Thee, who hast forsaken all things for me. Keep me with thy grace; I cannot in my own strength do thy will.

May 13th.

This is Ascension Day; the day that Jesus ascended into heaven. His going there, draws me there; for I love Him and want to be His in time and eternity.



Time is passing, quickly passing,
And I would not live in vain;
Grant then Saviour that while living,
I may reap eternal gain.



SHINE. ❧

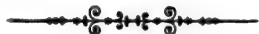


No happier lot I e'er shall have,
Than to be Thine;
Thy boundless grace supplies,
All poverty of mine.



Content in my God.

Content when nought I have but Thee,
Content when I know thou lovest me.



Oh fount of joy and peace,
Oh loving streams that never cease ;
But flow into my soul and make it joy,
My every moment in Thy service to employ.



A CALL.



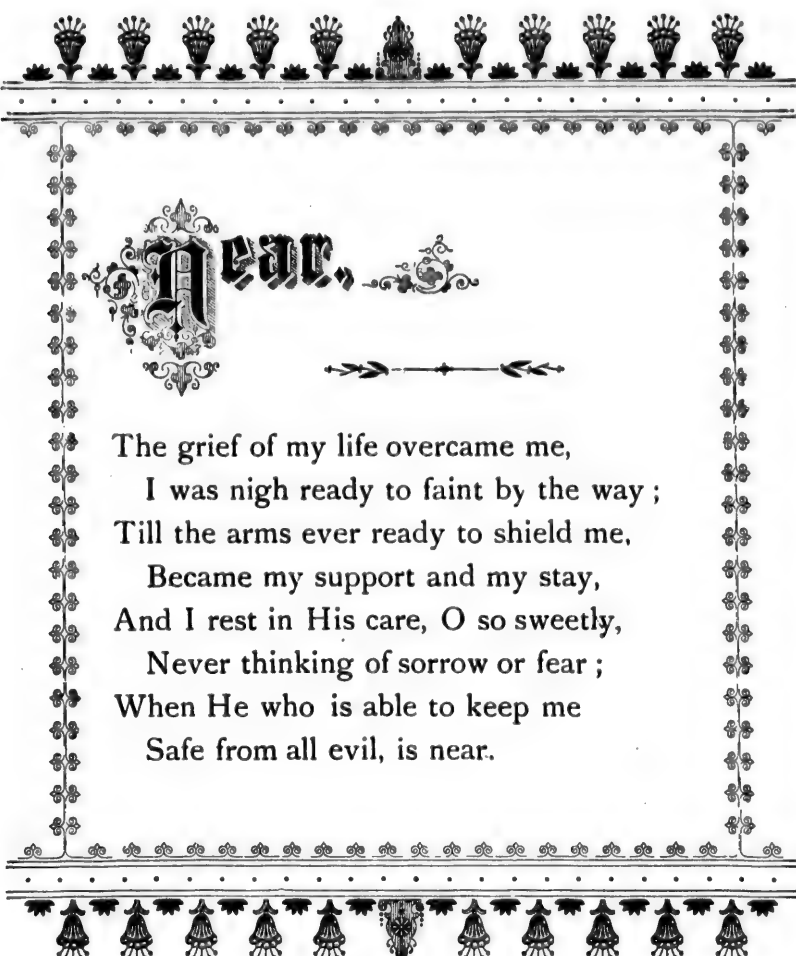
A holy call I hear, a voice divine has reached my ear,
I willingly obey I can no longer stay
Away from Thee, for Thou hast loved me.
In Thee I will abide and all life's ills betide,
Where'er my path will lead, I only Thee will need.

My Friend.



My path led through a lone valley
That was gloomy dismal and chill,
And I dreaded the way that I wandered,
As I pursued my onward course still ;
Never heeding a voice that was calling,
In gentle tones beckoning to me—
I will guide you dear one in safety,
To a land where no sorrow shall be.
Lift up thine eyes to yon mountains,
Thither for refuge flee ;
For the shade of this gloomy valley,
Offers no peaceful shelter for thee :
But I yielded not to the chiding
Of my Friend so faithful and kind,
Till at last I despaired in the darkness
Any longer a pathway to find.
To my horror I viewed just before me,
The edge of a steep precipice,
And I knew but one step farther
Would lead to the yawning abyss ;
Just then the voice I had slighted,
Once more whispered, "Come unto me,"
And the outstretched arms to save,
Above me I clearly could see.
"Oh the love of my benefactor,"
I said, as my heart heaved a sigh ;
Take me, I am Thine forever,
Save me or I shall die.
He bore me to a delightful garden,
And I rest at the beautiful stream,
Regaling my soul with its cooling draft,
While glories all around me beam :
For my Friend abides with me always,
And guides me wherever I go ;
And leads me into pleasant paths,
That I His goodness may know.
By and bye when my journey is over,
He will take me to His beautiful home ;
In the land just across the river,
Where sorrow never shall come.





Near.



The grief of my life overcame me,
I was nigh ready to faint by the way ;
Till the arms ever ready to shield me,
Became my support and my stay,
And I rest in His care, O so sweetly,
Never thinking of sorrow or fear ;
When He who is able to keep me
Safe from all evil, is near.



ETERNAL LIFE.



I look alone to Jesus, I look alone to Thee,
And in Thee, precious Saviour, eternal life I see.



MY ALL



Jesus all in all to me,
All I want I find in Thee ;
Life, and health, and joy, and peace,
For Thy mercies never cease ;
Never, no, should heavens fall,
Jesus is my all in all.



God's Presence.

I know that thou art with me, to guide me in
my way ;
A pillar of fire in darkness, a shadowy cloud
by day.



He prays for me at His Father's throne,
The well beloved, precious only one ;
With touching pathos the loved one cries,
Forgive her Father ere she dies.
The death eternal from which I cannot save,
Though I have shed my blood, and from the grave
I rose that she might live ;
My Father, O my Father give,
To me the object of my purest love.
And let my deep distress Thy pity move.
The Father in His righteousness austere,
With justice written on His countenance severe ;
Indignant that an earthly mortal dust,
No deference gives to His demands so just,
And in His wrath His holy, righteous ire,
Which is to sin, an all consuming fire,
He is about to hurl away the erring one,
But lo, beholds His loving, only Son,
Pleading in deep humility—
Father, let thy vengeance fall on me.
He sees the wounds and the streaming blood,
And His wrath abates in the crimson flood .
In this cleansing stream we are reconciled,
Tis' here the Father owns His child ;
He loves me for the sake of His beloved Son,
And by faith I know that we are one.



God has work for me and hath chosen me
to be entirely His own. I go at His bidding.
I go Lord at thy bidding,
I stay at thy command ;
Thou only canst guide me in safety
Unto the promised land.



MY ALL.

Dec. 14th.

My Saviour thou and thou only art
my all. I accept Thee as such. Dwell
thou in me. Guide me in all my ways ;
perfect me for life on earth, and eternal
life in heaven. I feel its joys now ; that
deep loving spring is already flowing in
my soul. O how it satisfies all my long-
ings ; washes away all my sin ; keeps me
clean to move in the holy atmosphere of
my God.



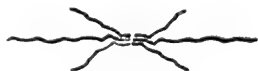
FULNESS IN THEE.

Teach me to live,
Teach me thy daily blessings to receive
With humble mind ;
That I a fulness find in Thee,
Of all thou hast in store for me.



Clinging to the Rock.

Peace, deep peace pervades my heart,
While I cling to Thee ;
In the Rock of ages,
All my trust shall be.



 O keep my soul in peace. 



An Admonition.



Be ready to go at my bidding,
Be ready to go at my call ;
Be ready without any chiding,
To lay on the altar thine all.
Prepare to receive an acceptance,
Of what thou hast brought unto Me ;
Only in a full allegiance,
Shall thy acceptance be.

ABIDING IN JESUS.

Feb. 14th.



Never should I wish to wander,
Never leave the Saviour's side;
Keep me then my blest Redeemer,
That in Thee I may abide.

THY SPIRIT.

There is no-fear, for Thou art near,
And Thou wilt carry me safely through
Life's ills, no needless fear my bosom
fills,
Thy Spirit guides in all I think or do.



BLESSED DAY.

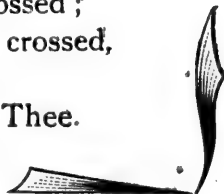
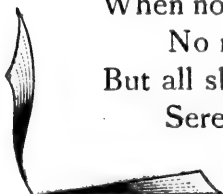


This was such a happy day for me.
The wings of faith are moving, taking
their flight onward and upward.

NO MORE.



Though tried and persecuted here,
The time draws near
When no more on wild billows tossed ;
No more life's brightest are crossed,
But all shall be eternally
Serenely calm and sweet in Thee.



A HOLY LIFE GIVE ME.

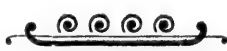


O, for a holy life, a consistent walk with God amid the snares and pitfalls surrounding me. Yet I have much to be thankful for ; for much of the persecution with which I have to contend, will bring me only glorious reward, and can do me no real harm. Many others, more favored, have fallen into snares from which I have been exempted. So praise the Lord for all that is good.



THY SERVICE.

May I never be at ease in Zion, but be diligent in the service of my God. Take all away from my heart that is not pleasing in Thy sight. Make me as Thou wouldst have me be. I would make my calling and election sure. In whatever calling or path of life thou seest fit to lead me, give me strength to walk uprightly before thee.



HAPPINESS.

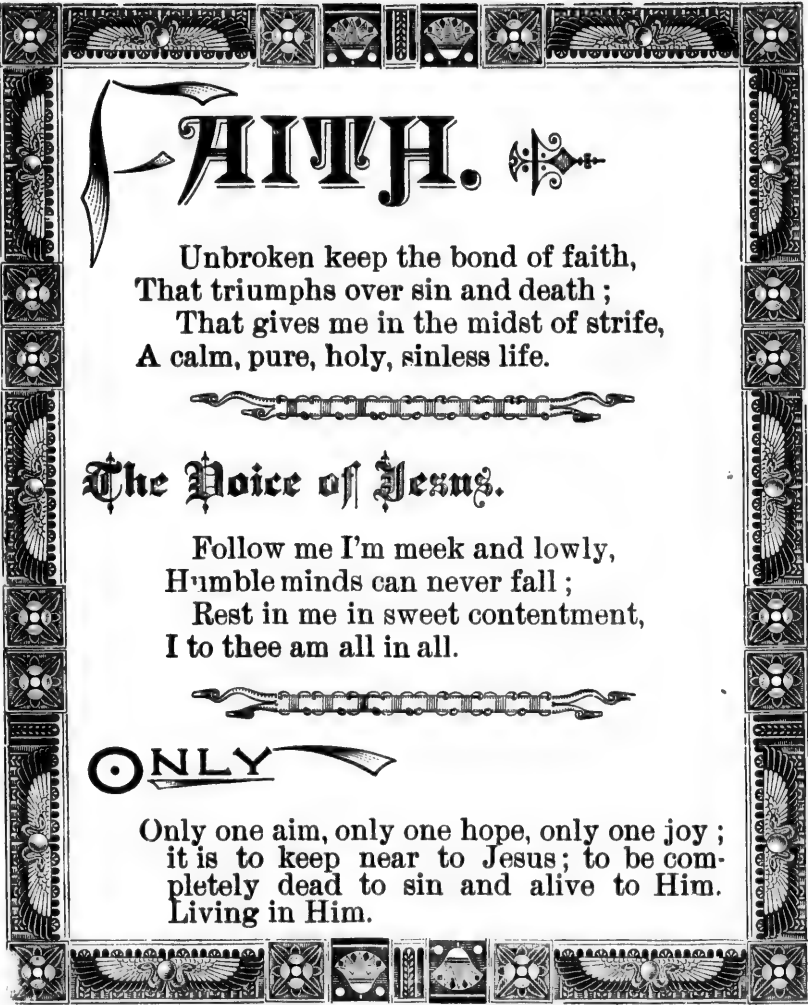
Mine is a happy life because I appreciate what God gives me.



WATCHFULNESS.

Keep me watchful, keep me prayerful,
Keep me Lord in thee ;
That no sorrow, joy, or conflict,
May move my faith in thee.





FAITH.

Unbroken keep the bond of faith,
That triumphs over sin and death ;
That gives me in the midst of strife,
A calm, pure, holy, sinless life.



The Voice of Jesus.

Follow me I'm meek and lowly,
Humble minds can never fall ;
Rest in me in sweet contentment,
I to thee am all in all.



ONLY

Only one aim, only one hope, only one joy ;
it is to keep near to Jesus ; to be completely dead to sin and alive to Him.
Living in Him.

Hespeler, Feb. 7, 1886,



The Cleansing Blood.



All, all else is failing, only thou hast not failed,
Thy blood in its cleansing for me hath availed.

'Tis Jesus my Saviour, blessed be His name,
Though all else is failing, He is ever the same.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah to Thee,
Thy blood in its cleansing availeth for me.



God's grace hath kept me hitherto, and not my own
strength. How often had I despaired were it
not for God's help.

A TEMPLE.



My life is a temple, my heart is a throne,
Sanctified, purified for Jesus alone ;
Though living on earth, enshrouded in clay,
Here is not my lasting eternal stay.

When life's battle is over, the victory won,
Sin, hell and death conquered, time's record
is done ;
No more shall I wander where faith's steps have
trod,
But see face to face my Saviour and God.

THE CROSS.



'Tis 'neath the heavy cross, I view the
glorious crown.





ADORATION.

To praise Thee, Lord, my spirit longs
To magnify Thy name in songs
Of true and heartfelt adoration,
For Thy great, full, and free salvation.



REST IN JESUS.

Sorrow does not alarm, when around me
is thine arm ;
I feel it now as on Thy breast my head I
bow ;
Oh sweetly, blessed, how sweet my rest,
To be in Thee and thou in me.



TRUSTING.

April, 4th.

X
Trusting Thee day by day ;
As the moments pass away ;
Trusting, trusting in Thy power,
Safe to keep me every hour.

SUNDAY EVENING, April 10th, 1887.

••••• EASTER. •••••

Like footprints on the shores of time come to me in my little sanctuary, recollections of bygone mercies and blessings. This is Easter Sunday—most blessed of days. Oh how my heart wells up in gladness within me sometimes when I think what God has done for me, by giving me eternal life ! I feel it within me and it rouses all the emotions of my soul into ecstasy. May mine eyes remain fixed on Jesus, then I shall realize in the future what I have realized in the past, the purest enjoyment a mortal can enjoy ; and that is saying much, for what capacities we possess for enjoyment or suffering ; but in Jesus is light, joy, peace.



What momentous moments, when God takes full possession of a heart. The transmutation of all self-interest into a complete surrender to Christ and the interests of His kingdom.

121/ 622

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

Onward, steadily onward, give way to no weakness or fear,
Thy strength may fail thine endeavor, but a mighty Helper is near.

Oh why should I ever falter, or fear what might assail;
The hand that has brought me hither, is pledged me never to fail.

Then onward steadily onward, though the world look on in disdain;
'Twere madness and folly to falter, in the midst of life's terrible main.

He holds me, O blessed favor, holds me by His strong hand;
Leads and guides me ever, till I reach the beautiful land.

And there to see Him forever, O bliss of the sanctified heart;
To bask in His presence, and never from immortal glories to part.

GOD'S GREATEST GIFT.



I will claim as mine, the highest, purest joy that God can
give ;

'Tis the precious blood-bought soul-rest that through Jesus
I receive.

Trusting only in His merits, in His righteousness complete,
Through Him all things I inherit, in and through Him
God I'll meet.

In His holy habitation, be like Him through His own
grace ;

For I there shall bear His image, and shall see Him face
to face.



Oh Jesus, dear Jesus, my Jesus, my all,

Into Thy dear loving arms I fall :

O what could I bring Thee, I have nothing at all,

Thy whisper is, love me, yes, loving is all ;

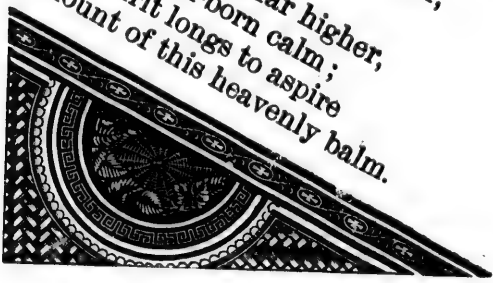
Yet all of my love how little for thee,

While thine is so boundless, so endless to me.

The Peace of
God.



There flows through my soul like an ether,
The calm of a heavenborn delight;
To my soul more sweet than a zephyr,
Laden with perfume at night.
Far deeper, far purer, far higher,
Than ever an earth-born calm;
And my spirit longs to aspire
To the fount of this heavenly balm.



Hespeler, Jan. 29, 1887.



Only.

Only in Thee I am happy,
Only in Thee I am blest,
Only in Thee is my heart
Perfectly, sweetly at rest.

Only in Thee is my hope,
Hope for all time to come ;
Hope's gleaming star will only fade
When I am safe at home.

Only in Thee, yes only,
Only, only in Thee,
My tears shall be dried,
My sorrows cease, only, only in Thee.

Only of Thee to dream,
For Thy face I cannot see ;
But the vision shall fade in the light of day,
When I shall awake in Thee.

Only, only in Thee,
While eternal ages roll ;
Of life but a little breath to be,
Yet a living, loving soul.

Forever only in Thee,
Forever with Thee to be one ;
Forever to live, forever to love,
God in His beloved Son.





Tempest Tossed.



Rocked on the billows of time,
Tossed on life's boisterous sea,
Bound for a sunnier clime,
Tempests but usher me nearer to Thee.

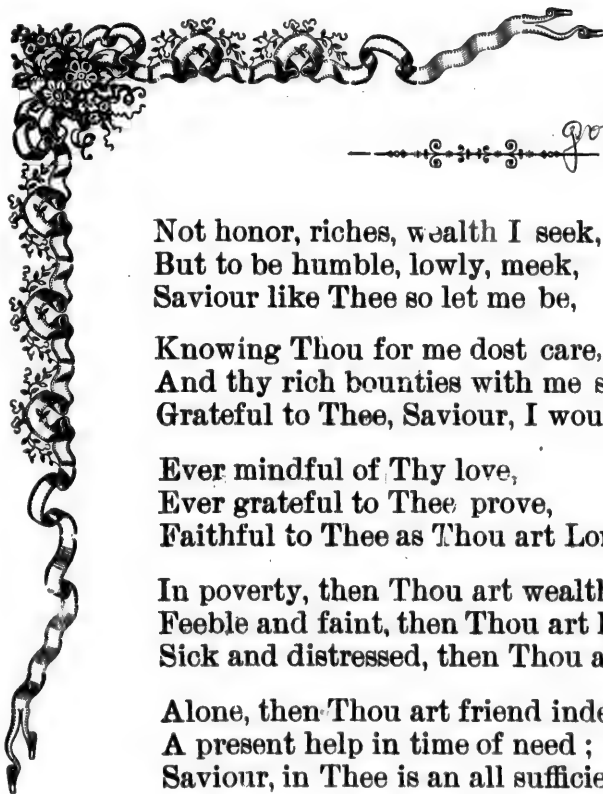
Fear not, my soul, the wild blast,
Safe when its furies assail ;
The arms of mercy around thee cast,
Are mighty to save and never will fail.

Safely and sweetly borne,
Rocked on the billows of time ;
Though dark be the night, in the morn
I'll wake in a sunnier, lovelier clime.



March 21.

A Sufficiency.



— — — — — good

Not honor, riches, wealth I seek,
But to be humble, lowly, meek,
Saviour like Thee so let me be,

Knowing Thou for me dost care,
And thy rich bounties with me share ;
Grateful to Thee, Saviour, I would be.

Ever mindful of Thy love,
Ever grateful to Thee prove,
Faithful to Thee as Thou art Lord to me.

In poverty, then Thou art wealth,
Feeble and faint, then Thou art health,
Sick and distressed, then Thou art rest.

Alone, then Thou art friend indeed,
A present help in time of need ;
Saviour, in Thee is an all sufficiency.

Leading me Kindly,

 Leading me Right.

	*	Leading me kindly, leading me right,
	*	Leading me so that thou art in sight.
	*	O what could I do without Thee,
	*	In this world of sin and tears,
	*	With so frail a little being,
	*	Hampered with its doubts and fears.
	*	But thy presence is like sunshine,
	*	Chasing all the mist away ;
	*	And the light of thy dear presence,
	*	Makes my life an endless day.



Evening Thoughts.

	*	Yet through another day,
	*	The Lord has been my comfort and my stay.
	*	In blessings sweet the day was spent,
	*	My heart at ease in Thee content.
	*	As through the day so may to-night,
	*	Around me shine Thy sacred light.

MY heart is peacefully at rest in Him
whose love to me is so wonderfully
strong and pure. How I rejoice
that He draws me to Himself and
gives me access to fellowship divine. It is
enough to satisfy the longing of the most
passionate soul to drink of the fountain of
eternal love. My heart is full to overflow-
ing.

A Feast of Good Things.



I thank thee, O Father, I thank thee,
That thou condescendest to give
A goodly heritage unto me;
Pleasant pastures wherein to live.

And hedged about with thy presence,
Sheltered from every foe;
I feast at the table which thou hast spread,
And drink where immortal waters flow.

 **THY
CUP OF
BLESSINGS.**



Lift me higher, higher, to thee my thoughts
aspire ;



O lift me up, O lift me up,
That I may drink that sweet and blessed cup
Which thine own hand prepares,
On which my life so sweetly fares.
Salvation's cup, 'tis oh so sweet
To drink it make me Saviour meet.



 **Accepted.** 

Accepted, oh how sweet to be made for Thy
service meet,



Fully and wholly by Thy grace restored ;
O what a joy this knowledge does afford ;
But not only to know, but also to tell,
That God in His love hath done all things well.

GRACE.



Only kept by grace divine,
Not by any strength of mine ;
Not by wisdom found in me,
But by thine own wise decree.
Thou alone canst make me wise,
Give me what I love and prize ;
'Tis thy grace that keepeth me,
Makes me what I ought to be.



GLADNESS.



I am glad oh Saviour, glad in thee,
Glad that thou lovest and carest for me ;
Glad that thou unto me hast given,
An unfading crown and a mansion in heaven ;
A beautiful robe, the gift of thy love,
O that I but worthy of all these may prove.
'Tis thy gift unto me unfailing and sure,
If faithful to Thee to the end I endure.



A Mansion.



A mansion in heaven to the faithful is given,
A home most glorious and fair ;
A free gift to all who respond to the call,
"Come enter and dwell ever there."

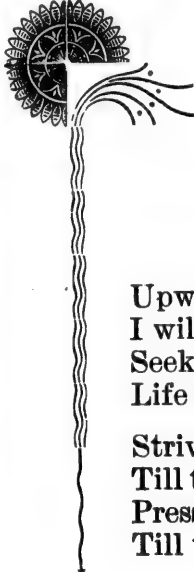
Then give me a title—'tis mine, I accept
A mansion in heaven, magnificently kept ;
As ages roll on 'twill never see ruin,
For without hands, 'tis out of the living rock hewn.



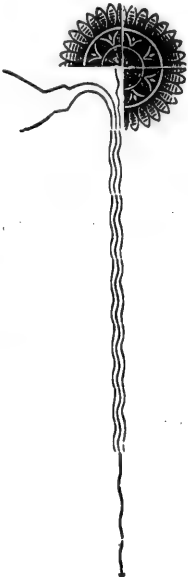
EDEN.



In Jesus I have found what was lost by the fall,
Eden regained, my God, and my all.



UPWARD.



Upward, upward, to thy throne,
I will daily seek to rise ;
Seeking but through thee alone,
Life beyond the starry skies.

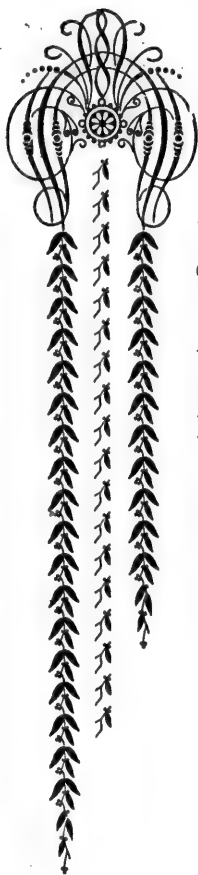
Striving daily then to rise,
Till thy beauty I behold ;
Pressing onward to the skies,
Till the gates of heaven unfold.



Smoothly and sweetly flows the stream of life ; I drop
into its clear, pure waters and live : Live to glorify God ;
Live to enjoy the bliss of existence restored to its God-
given sweetness and delight.



It is blessed to fulfill all that thou commandest. I
am glad that with the command comes the needed
grace. Gloriously led day by day along the journey
of life.



Thy Grace.



Father, give me grace to live,
Right beneath thy searching eye ;
That no act or word may grieve
Thee, who dost all wrong descry.

Thanking thee for mercies past,
Would I now thy grace implore ;
'Tis so boundless, 'tis so vast,
Make it mine forever more.



VICTORIA.



Encompassed about with mercies,
As the days of my life flow on ;
Through Thee my Saviour I am victor,
Through Thee life's battles are won.

I am resting secure and in safety,
For Jesus gives sweetest repose ;
And crowns me with choicest blessings,
In the midst of unnumbered foes.



A LIVING TEMPLE.



This life of mine, O Saviour take,
And for thyself a temple make :
A temple consecrated, pure,
That shall forevermore endure.



LIFE DIVINE.



Dwell in me thou life divine,
Keep my will conformed to Thine ;
Ever let me live and move,
Prompted by thy power and love.





For Jesus.

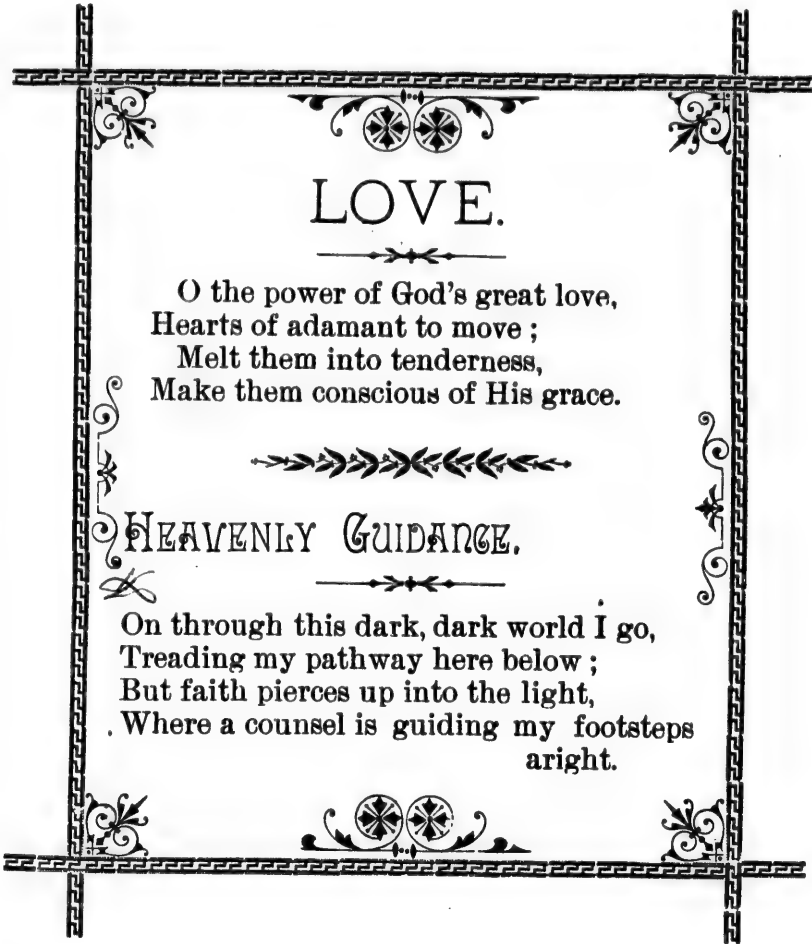


Onward, homeward I'm sailing,
Bound for the glory-lit shore ;
Soon this frail vessel will anchor,
Where others have gone on before.



Only a little more waiting,
Only a little more toil ;
To gather mid wreckage and breakers,
For Jesus some beautiful spoil.





LOVE.



O the power of God's great love,
Hearts of adamant to move ;
Melt them into tenderness,
Make them conscious of His grace.



HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.



On through this dark, dark world I go,
Treading my pathway here below ;
But faith pierces up into the light,
Where a counsel is guiding my footsteps
aright.





Watchfulness.



'Tis then I see in a clearer light,
'Tis then that faith enhances my sight,
When upward I look and watching, wait
For a message to come from the golden gate.



The Fountain of Life.



My God, Thou art the fount,
Whence living waters flow,
And only they have life to whom
Thou dost its joys bestow ;
O living stream spring up,
Within this heart of mine,
And wash it clean from every stain
And make it all divine.



The Pearl of
Great Price.



Thou pearl of great price,
My greatest of treasures,
Reflect in my life its sorrows and pleasures,
That heavenly refulgence,
That cometh from Thee,
And lighteth the pathway to heaven for me.

CROWNED
WITH LIFE.



A wreath, a lovely wreath,
Is just above me—I beneath,
Which thou dost hold within my reach ;
And while I gaze, Thy loving speech
Says, Wilt thou have it? A responsive yes !
It falls and crowns my life
Which Thou hast designed to bless.



Thy Messenger of Peace.



Beautiful upon the mountains
Is thy messenger of peace,
For He comes to free the captive,
With a sure and full release ;
Bound ! no, bound I am no longer,
But my captive heart is free,
Dove divine, spirit immortal,
All this joy I owe to Thee.

SWEETLY pass by the days of my life—kept and
preserved by care divine. I am glad that ever
the day dawned that my God became dearer to
me than all else.

DEAR FATHER, I thank Thee for all that thou
givest, but above all else do I thank Thee for
cleansing through the blood of Thy dear Son,
Jesus Christ.



At Home.

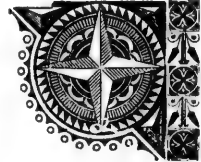
At home, at home, no more to roam,
My Father's house I've found ;
Where endless joys abound.
'Tis here I will abide,
Close by my Saviour's side.



*Crowned with blessings from day to day,
More precious than jewels, costly and rare ;
'Tis the gifts that my Father in a caressing way,
Showers on me in answer to prayer.*



**HOME,
SWEET HOME
FOREVER.**



To strains of sweetest music
That from seraph voices come,
Will be sung with heavenly rapture
A joyous welcome home.

'Twill be home sweet home forever,
In a mansion fair and bright,
Where all is sweetly bathed
In purest heavenly light.

'Tis there I'll see my Saviour,
Whom here by faith I see,
He now is very precious,
What is it there to be?

My heart is sadly aching,
But no, I'll be content,
To bide yet here awhile,
Till the sands of life are spent.

But so I please the Master,
And gather spoils for Him,
And the flickering torch of life,
Keep burning bright and trim
Till the royal banquet angels shall
proclaim,

And the Saviour whispers come
Thou blessed in my Father's name.





A Noble Sphere.

It is a noble sphere to move in an altitude where we
may commune and hold fellowship with our Maker. Faith
reveals Him even now, though it is but through a glass
darkly.

With royal honors I am crowned,
Since a royal path I've found
That leads me to a royal home,
Beyond earth's starry, glittering dome.



PRAISE.

Giver of all good gifts, to Thee my soul uplifts
Itself in gratitude and praise ;
No mortal need have I, that thou dost not supply,
Truly thou leadest me in pleasant ways.





Full Salvation.



Salvation from sin, O blessed estate,
No joy comes to mortals so blissful, so great ;
To plunge in the fountain that's lasting and pure,
And drink of the waters that ever endure.



For ever and ever this river shall roll,
That brings balm and healing unto the soul ;
I've plunged in the fountain that cleanseth from sin,
The fountain that cleanseth and keepeth me clean.



From all sin set free, O blissful estate,
Beginning of joys that the blessed await ;
Forever to Him all honor shall be,
Who hath loved and redeemed me, all glory to Thee.



Jesus the Truth, the Life, the Way.



To save our helpless, lost estate from errors dismal night,
'Twas Jesus found a living Way, and to our souls brought
light.

Jesus the Truth, the Life, the way, that God to man hath
given,

The truth that souls from error frees, life of, and way to
heaven.



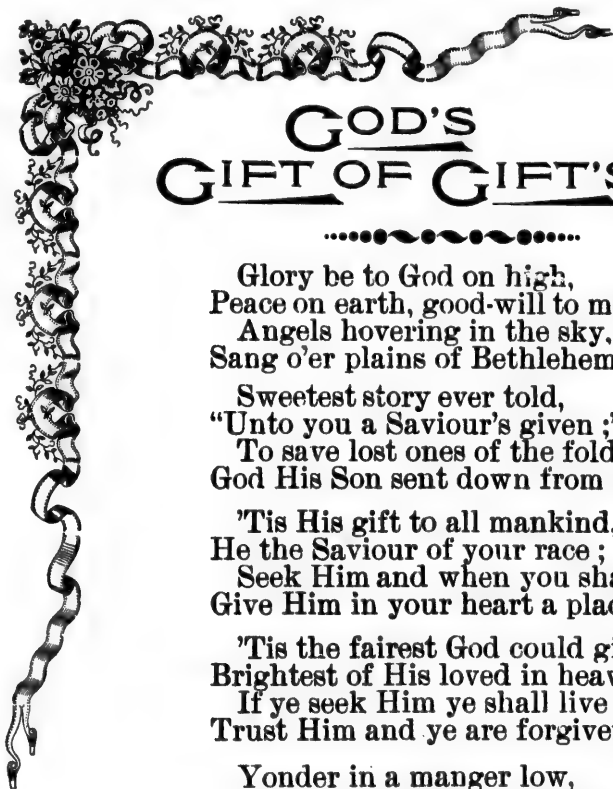
My Saviour.



The only theme that shall
Henceforth my hours employ,
Is Thee to love and Thee to praise,
My Saviour and my joy.

The Narrow Way.

Jesus lead me by thy spirit,
That I never from Thee stray;
But may ever in thy footsteps,
Tread the blessed narrow way.



GOD'S GIFT OF GIFT'S.



Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good-will to men,
Angels hovering in the sky,
Sang o'er plains of Bethlehem.

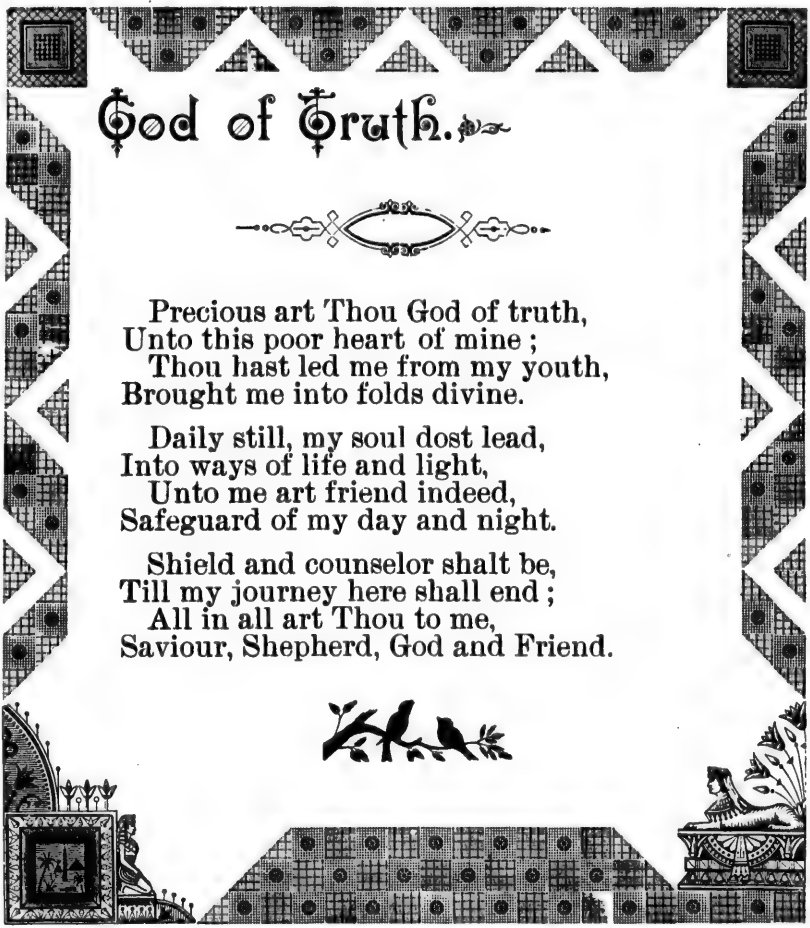
Sweetest story ever told,
"Unto you a Saviour's given ;"
To save lost ones of the fold,
God His Son sent down from heaven.

'Tis His gift to all mankind,
He the Saviour of your race ;
Seek Him and when you shall find,
Give Him in your heart a place.

'Tis the fairest God could give,
Brightest of His loved in heaven ;
If ye seek Him ye shall live ;
Trust Him and ye are forgiven.

Yonder in a manger low,
Lies this meek and lowly king ;
In devotion thither go,
Unto Him your homage bring.





God of Truth.



Precious art Thou God of truth,
Unto this poor heart of mine ;
Thou hast led me from my youth,
Brought me into folds divine.

Daily still, my soul dost lead,
Into ways of life and light,
Unto me art friend indeed,
Safeguard of my day and night.

Shield and counselor shalt be,
Till my journey here shall end ;
All in all art Thou to me,
Saviour, Shepherd, God and Friend.





I Love to Trust the Lord.



I love to trust the Lord;
He shields from every ill,
And keeps my soul in sweet accord
With His own blessed will.

Most glorious are His ways,
His works are all divine—
Which He in wondrous love displays,
To bless this life of mine.

By day and night His care,
His watchful eye ne'er sleeps;
But constantly and everywhere,
Watch o'er my soul He keeps.

O Father, faithful friend,
My Lord, my God, my all,
On Thee for succor I depend,
When fears and foes appal.

Nor shall my trust be vain,
Thy covenant shall prove
The timely and everlasting gain
Of those who trust the Lord.

Come to Jesus.

O will you not come, Jesus calls you to-day,
O grieve Him not now by further delay ;
Wait not for to-morrow, it may be too late,
Come now and retrieve thy fallen estate.

O will you not come, Jesus calls you to-day,
He'll remove all thy guilt, thy sins wash away,
There is power in His blood from sin to redeem,
O come and plunge into the sin-cleansing stream.



Walking in Light.



Waking, as if from a dream,
We shall see as we are seen ;
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone.

BLOOD BOUGHT.



Washed and cleansed in Jesus blood,
Plunged beneath the crimson flood ;
Saved from sin by power divine,
O what peace and joy are mine.

Once a rebel to thy grace,
Now to see Thee face to face ;
Through the all-atoning blood,
Reconciled to Thee my God.



THINE.



Thou holdest me by thy beautiful hand,
Thou bindest me, and love is that wonder-
ful band.

SUPPLICATION.



I plead, O Lord my prayer attend,
And to my heart thy spirit send ;
O may its fulness fill me now,
While at thy mercy seat I bow.

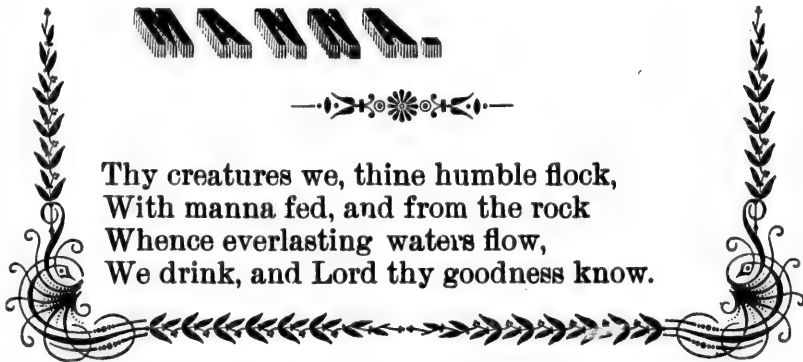
Thy light diffuse, and let thy love,
A sacred fire from above,
My heart inflame, my soul refine,
Renew and make my life divine.



MANNA.



Thy creatures we, thine humble flock,
With manna fed, and from the rock
Whence everlasting waters flow,
We drink, and Lord thy goodness know.



THE BREAD OF LIFE.



O precious gift that God hath given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven ;
O may I now partake and live,
Thy gift with gratitude receive.

For me, for me, thou gavest for me,
Thy broken body on the tree ;
Thy blood, the glowing crimson cup,
By faith this sacred feast I sup.

'Tis life, 'tis life, I live for Thee,
Who died and henceforth lives for me ;
The offering of my great High Priest,
Brings to my soul a living feast.

O bread of life, O feast of love,
Immortal blessing from above ;
Communion with Thee is to live
In joys which only God can give.

O Christ, O Life, O blessed joy !
To feast with Thee and to employ
The life thou givest to extol
The power that makes and keeps me whole.

RESTING.



Resting in Jesus, in Jesus alone,
Who shed His own blood, for me to atone ;
O sweet is the rest thou givest me,
Sweet from the bondage of sin to be free.

TRUST IN GOD'S GRACE.

Great God, Thou art enthroned in majesty
on high ;
The ruler of the universe, Lord of the earth
and sky.

To Thee I come for aid, who am undone and
poor ;
Of Thee to ask the grace I need from Thy
unbounded store.

Knowing that thou wilt give, bounteous art
thou as great ;
And they who come to Thee shall live and
in thy presence wait.

Partakers of Thy grace, thou satisfiest with
good ;
Life's blessings in my reach doth place, my
wants supply with food.

All things I find in Thee, to whom my hopes
aspire ;
To love Thee and to do thy will, be nence my
one desire.





JOY OF JOYS.



Joy of joys art Thou to me, Jesus life and light,
Let thy beams fall on me now, banish all my night.

When temptations try my heart, conquer thou within ;
That from Thee I ne'er may part into ways of sin.

Let no snare my soul allure, from my Lord away,
Help me all things to endure, and to watch and pray.

O that I may comprehend, all else is but dross,
And may patient to the end, cling unto the cross.

O the precious life and light, God to me hath given ;
Changing all my earthly night into joy of heaven.



**The Lord hath
Done all things well.**

True Religion.



It is the life that's given to the repentant soul,
The grace that Jesus brought from heaven, that makes the
sinner whole ;

The soul that rests in God by faith immovable,
And is through the atoning blood with Him acceptable.

The penitential mood that dreads and fears to sin,
The constant aim to please its God, and trust alone in Him.

The heart that lives to know and trust its Maker more
Than else, and daily strives to grow more Godlike than be-
fore.

The deep humility, the self-abasing mind,
The heart that can for others feel, be loving, true and kind.

The life that holds commune with Father and with Son,
Whom the good spirit doth illume is with the Godhead one.

The image is restored to whom the Lord hath given,
The spirit and the law within, on fleshy tablets graven;

When Jesus is enthroned and where His power holds
sway,
Where He takes up His blessed abode, in tenements of clay.

THINE.



Bound to Thee, O my Saviour,
Bound to Thee by love ;
Bound to Thee till Thou bearest me
Safe to Thy home above.

Bound to Thee forever,
O what joy it will be ;
To enjoy the sweet and eternal rest
Which Thou hast bought for me.

PRAISE TO GOD.

'Tis comely praise to give, unto our God on high ;
To assemble in His courts and live to Him by grace
brought nigh.

He is the soul's delight, the source of all our joy,
With humble service in His sight, 'tis sweet life to employ.

Honor and praise to Thee, for Thou art worthy Lord,
By saints and angels Thou shalt be forever more adored.



HESPELER, March 1891.

Victory through the blood of the Lamb. The fulfilment of Thy promises have been greater and better than my expectations.

To trust Thee fully, is to be fully saved.



Sweet is Thy blessed communion,
Sweet to walk with Thee in light ;
Led by Thy hand 'tis sweet to trust
Thee, who art holy, good and just.



My Portion.

✕ Thou art my portion, Saviour dear,
In Thee I have no want, no fear ;
But Thou art all in all to me,
In time and in eternity.



BERLIN, Feb. 1892.

GOD'S LOVE.

O may thy love my heart inspire,
Until it glow with living fire ;
And from its altar daily rise,
To Thee a grateful sacrifice.

TEACH ME.

Teach me by thy gentle spirit,
That I all thy will discern ;
And may in thy precepts daily,
Lessons of true wisdom learn.

PASTURES GREEN.

Feed me in thy blessed pastures,
By the waters clear and still ;
Of that peaceful gliding river,
Flowing down from Zion's Hill.



The King of Kings.



Jesus is the King of Kings,
Loved, adored, and raised on high ;
To the highest court supreme,
Far above the earth and sky.

Yet He condescends to be
Friend to me who friendless am ;
King of Kings and yet for me,
Offering, sacrificial lamb.

Jesus Saviour, Thou art mine,
Thou hast loved me, thou dost save ;
Bloodbought, I henceforth am thine,
Thine who for me heaven gave.

Heaven worships, why not I,
O my Saviour, Priest and King ;
To Thy mercy seat I fly,
Unto Thee mine homage bring.



THE BIBLE.



O wondrous lamp to light the way,
Through this dark world to endless day ;
A beacon light to man is given,
To guide him safe from earth to heaven.

LISTENING.

Jesus fills me with His glory,
Jesus keeps me by His grace;
With His love He binds me to Him,
Keeps me in His strong embrace;
With His light He fills my spirit,
With His power subdues my will;
And I'm listening for the counsel
Of His voice so sweet and still.

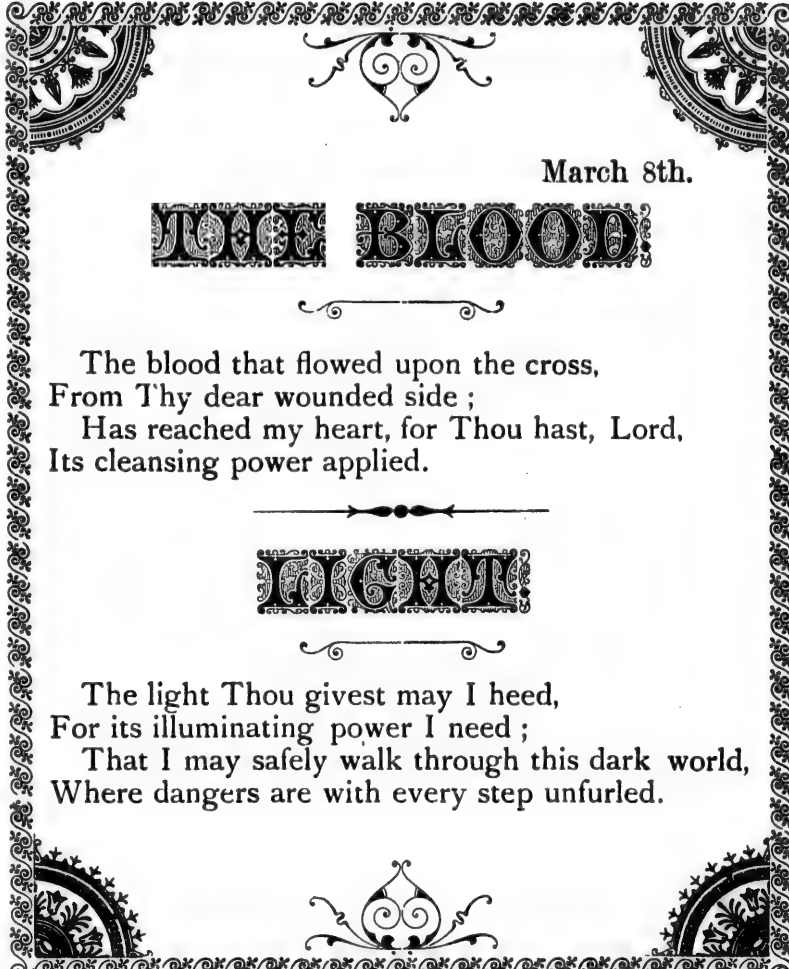


Abide With Me.

Abide with me, O my Saviour,
Ever with me abide;
I have no other stay,
Then keep me close, close by thy side.

I long, I long for Thee,
Deep in my heart;
O Saviour ever abide,
Never more from me depart.

No, no, Thou dost not,
It is I who am so frail;
Then give me strength to cleave to Thee,
And ever in Thee prevail.



March 8th.

THE BLOOD

The blood that flowed upon the cross,
From Thy dear wounded side ;
Has reached my heart, for Thou hast, Lord,
Its cleansing power applied.

LIGHT

The light Thou givest may I heed,
For its illuminating power I need ;
That I may safely walk through this dark world,
Where dangers are with every step unfurled.



AT the dawn of the day the gloom fades away,
And I bask in the light of God's love ;
For an angel of light in the strength of His might,
Hastened to me from regions above.



HE saw my distress, He came me to bless,
And in wrestling the victory gave ;
O joy of my soul, the Lord made me whole,
He only is able to save.



Decisive Moments.



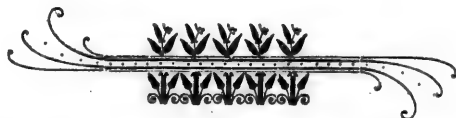
To Thee I give my vows,
To Thee my spirit bows ;
Decisive moments have been mine,
That made me Saviour thine.



THE PRIZE.



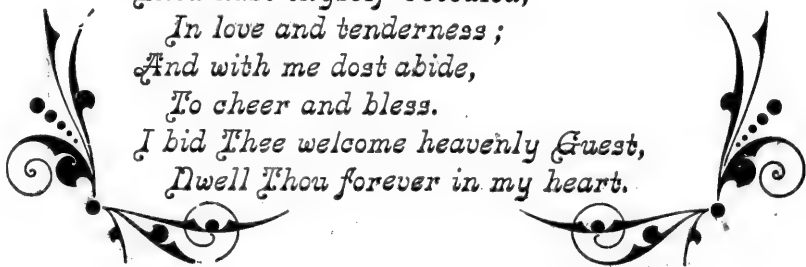
I count all loss but Saviour Thee to win,
And into Thy blessed joys to enter in;
The prize before me is in view,
And eagerly I now the race pursue.



MY BEST, BEST FRIEND:



Thou hast thyself revealed,
In love and tenderness;
And with me dost abide,
To cheer and bless.
I bid Thee welcome heavenly Guest,
Dwell Thou forever in my heart.



BLESSINGS.

*Thou givest me sweet blessings,
To crown my mortal life;
Sweet peace to make me happy,
Amid life's surging strife.*

*The sweetest gift to mortals,
Through grace to me is given;
'Tis life and hope and peace on earth,
And endless joys in heaven.*

**WEARY.**

*I am weary, but I'm leaning
On my loving Saviour's breast;
Sweetly may I there reclining,
In his love forever rest.*



THE KING'S HIGHWAY.



*O the King's highway, what a glorious way,
Never from this blessed path would I stray,
But walk in the light with heaven in sight,
Where all is serene and gloriously bright.*

*'Tis there the King in His beauty I'll see,
O what a wonder this King loves me;
He loves me and guards me by day and by night,
Till I reach those portals of heavenly light.*

*There crowned with life and victory's palms,
By the tree of life with its healing balms;
By the gleaming waters of the crystal sea,
My everlasting home shall be.*

*No sunbeam shall fall for God is the light,
His presence forever bars shadow of night;
Where the rainbow hues encircle the throne,
Ring praises to Him who is worthy alone.*

*O thou my Saviour keep me free from sin,
That by the narrow way I may enter in;
For thou art the way, the entrance gate,
To those blessed joys that my soul await.*

AT THE CROSS.

PRESTON, Jan. 20th, 1894.

*I will take up my cross and follow
where Jesus leads.*

Down at Jesus' Feet.

*Humbly kneeling at thy feet,
Pleading, Saviour cleanse my soul;
For thy service make me meet,
Every whit in me make whole.*

*Body, soul and spirit thine,
Let my life a temple be,
Full of love and light divine,
Saviour pleasing unto Thee.*

*Let thy glory fill me now,
Penetrate my inmost heart,
Bide in me my Saviour Thou,
Of thyself make me a part.*

Resistless Love. ❧❧❧



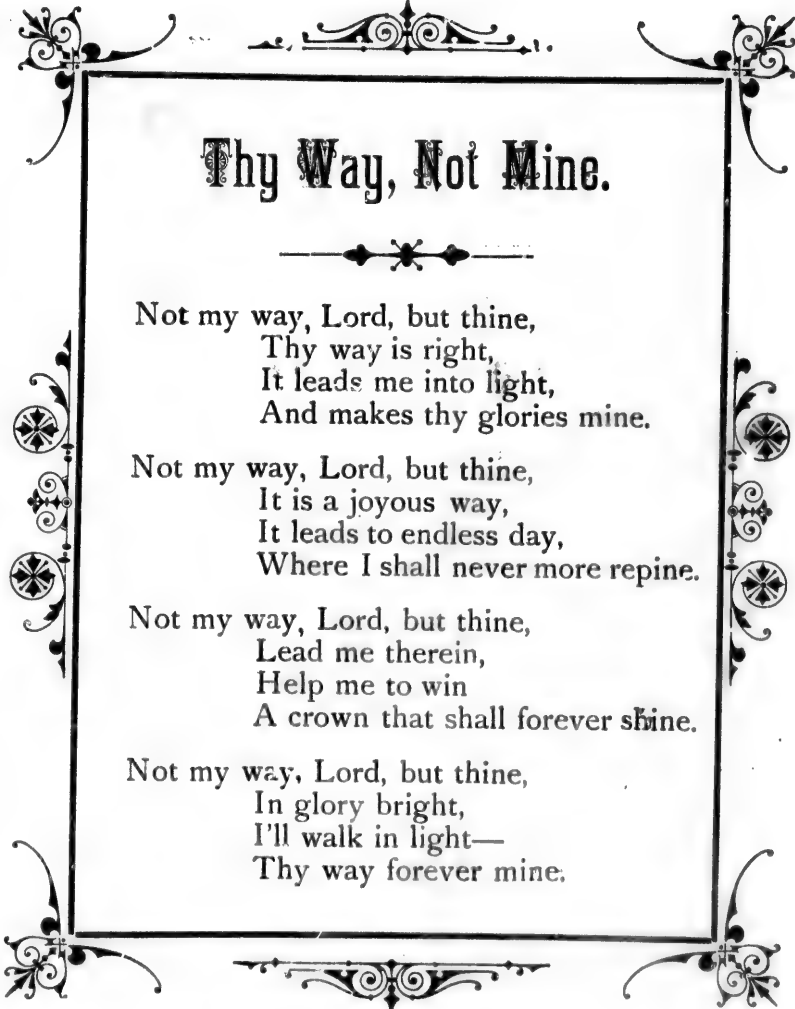
Resistless love has filled my heart,
From Thee I will not, cannot part;
O let this bond be never riven,
That binds me to my God and heaven;
But keep me by Thy power divine,
Till all my life is lost in thine.



Sunday, February 18th.

Glory fills my soul to-day,
Glory on my heaven-bound way;
Glory while at Jesus' feet,
With Him in communion sweet.

He reveals to me His will,
Draws me closer to Him still;
Binds me with His cords of love,
Seals me for His courts above.



Thy Way, Not Mine.



Not my way, Lord, but thine,
Thy way is right,
It leads me into light,
And makes thy glories mine.

Not my way, Lord, but thine,
It is a joyous way,
It leads to endless day,
Where I shall never more repine.

Not my way, Lord, but thine,
Lead me therein,
Help me to win
A crown that shall forever shine.

Not my way, Lord, but thine,
In glory bright,
I'll walk in light—
Thy way forever mine.

*Thy sacred fire send to my heart,
And all its sin and dross consume,
Thy tender love and zeal impart,
And all my soul with light illumine.*



*The flame that burns within this shrine,
The kindling of a love divine ;
O may it purer, stronger grow,
And with undying fervence glow.*



Happiness.



*My will, Lord blend with thine,
In perfect harmony ;
For only in this sweet accord,
Is my felicity.*



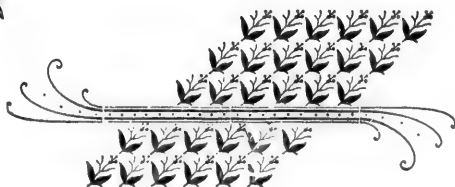
Fervent is Thy love,
My heart to prove;
More fervent still,
My heart to fill;
With heavenly light,
And glory bright.
O God of love,
Now in me prove;
Thou dost subdue,
And create anew.





O grasp this truth my soul, the Lord is nigh,
He comes to shield His loved ones from on high ;

This blessed promise He does now fulfill,
I will be with you even to the end, I will.



'Tis done, I've gone beyond the bound,
And can my steps no more retrace ;
And wish it not, for I have found
A sweetly sheltered hiding place.

To Thee my Lord I have given my vows,
In Thee have found a sweet repose ;
I ask not freedom, but to be
Drawn Saviour to Thee still more close.

EASTER.

Love.



'Tis love that breaks the bonds of death,
And opens wide the tomb ;
And love that frees a captive world
From its eternal doom.



My Helper.



*The Lord is my helper, the Lord is my guide,
In Him I am safe whatever betide ;
Though storms may arise, and foes may assail,
The Lord is my helper, in Him I prevail.*



A living sacrifice I bring,
An offering to my God and King ;
Myself and all I have I lay,
Upon thine altar, Lord, to-day.

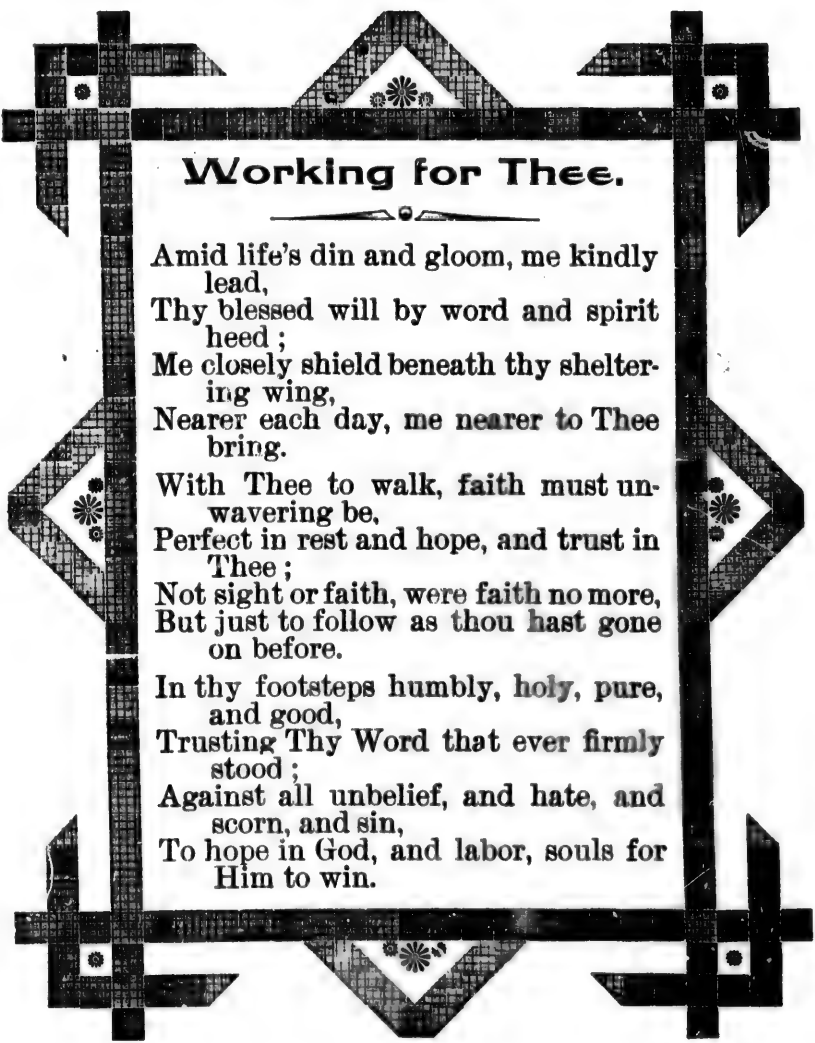


Fill me with thy perfect peace,
Jesus let it now descend ;
More and more my faith increase,
Wholly on Thee to depend.



Let Thy grace my soul renew,
Till thine image is restored ;
Then 'tis all things I can do,
As to Thee my blessed Lord.





Working for Thee.

Amid life's din and gloom, me kindly
lead,
Thy blessed will by word and spirit
heed ;
Me closely shield beneath thy shelter-
ing wing,
Nearer each day, me nearer to Thee
bring.

With Thee to walk, faith must un-
wavering be,
Perfect in rest and hope, and trust in
Thee ;
Not sight or faith, were faith no more,
But just to follow as thou hast gone
on before.

In thy footsteps humbly, holy, pure,
and good,
Trusting Thy Word that ever firmly
stood ;
Against all unbelief, and hate, and
scorn, and sin,
To hope in God, and labor, souls for
Him to win.

Walking with Jesus, Loving Him now,
Who once died for me, with thorns on His
brow ;

Walking with Jesus, full of His love,
Bound for His home in glory above.



CROWNED.

We labor and 'tis not in vain,
We gather riches rare ;
And lay up store for time to come,
By unceasing faith and prayer.

And when we're weary of our toil,
We lay our burdens down ;
And take up immortality,
And wear a victor's crown.



Immortality.

This mortal frame sinks to the tomb,
To rise in an immortal bloom.



May 30th, 1894.

GOD led me to the gates of death, to show me the value of time and the shortness of life, and to teach me to make stronger efforts to save my own soul, and those of my fellow-beings.



FAITH.



MY faith is strong in Jesus. He has lengthened out life's little span. In love and mercy He has spared my life. I feel and know this; and now by faith I launch out, committing myself entirely into His hands; and O, it is so sweet to trust Him.



Thine.



To Thee I give myself, O Jesus,
I give myself to Thee ;
Thine, thine, fully thine,
Eternally to be.



June 10.

How good thou art that thou dost condescend,
Thou who art God, to be my truest Friend ;
To thee I come, of thee implore,
Lead, keep, sustain me by thy grace forever-
more.



June 12th, 1894.

*The Lord my helper is,
In Him I find sweet joy and peace,
And health, and hope, and rest,
O who than I, more truly blest.*

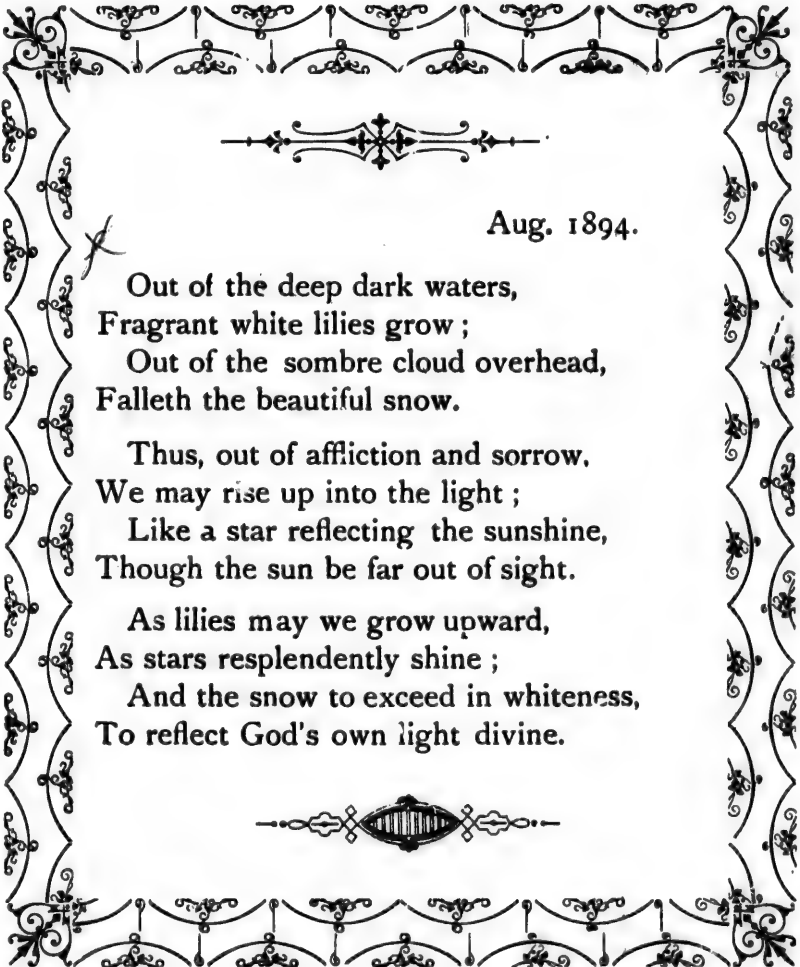


*Lord, thou savest by thy grace,
Quickenest those who seek thy face;
Keepst by thy power from ill,
All who do thy blessed will.*



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Aug. 1894.

Out of the deep dark waters,
Fragrant white lilies grow ;
Out of the sombre cloud overhead,
Falleth the beautiful snow.

Thus, out of affliction and sorrow,
We may rise up into the light ;
Like a star reflecting the sunshine,
Though the sun be far out of sight.

As lilies may we grow upward,
As stars resplendently shine ;
And the snow to exceed in whiteness,
To reflect God's own light divine.

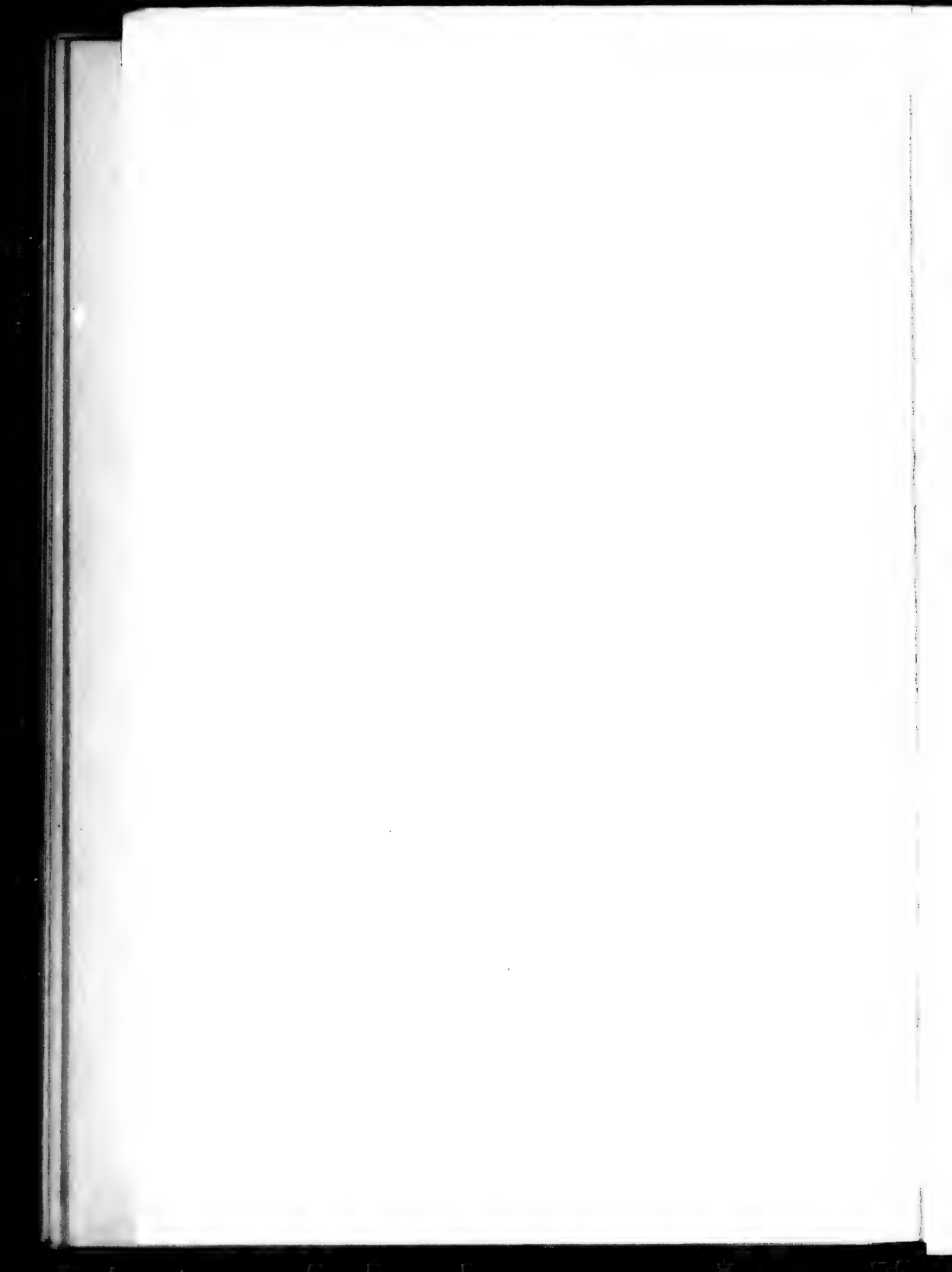


THE

DIAMOND

WREATH

Is my life after
consecrating it
body, soul and
spirit to God.



THOUGHTS AND IMPRESSIONS

IN PROSE AND VERSE

Respectfully submitted for the consideration of her friends and relatives, in the hope that to many of them they may prove an incentive to trustful endurance, and a reliance upon the good Providence of God

SUSANNAH BERGEY

Hesperer, April 18, 1896

Morrison, Sept. 14, 1884

Sunday Evening

Past are all the shades of night,
Sweet to me the Glorious Light.

Sunshine

Oh my God, how glad I feel that Thou
hast spared my life to see and enjoy this
day. The glorious sun rose this morning
in all its splendor, and made me feel
thankful for life and its enjoyments, and
the Sun of my soul has made me feel the
joys of a spiritual life. How sweet to
bask in the sunlight of God's love, and
to feel that the day grows brighter - that
the destiny of one's life is to be eter-
nally happy in God. It is only dawn now,
but thank God the sun has risen within the
jeweled walls of the Celestial City.

An Admonition

Be ready to go at my bidding,
Be ready to go at my call;
Be ready without any chiding,
To lay on the altar thine all.

Prepare to receive an acceptance,
Of what thou hast brought unto Me;
Only in a full allegiance,
Shall thy acceptance be.

, 1884

A Lovely Evening

This is a lovely evening, pleasant like summer, with stars shining overhead, and a crescent moon. Soft clouds, white and fleecy, scattered here and there over the azure and gold, and not a breath to disturb the calm. All seems peace and quiet in nature. The mind delights to revel in the surrounding beauties and drink deeply of the joys we feel when nature presents to us her most lovely phases. It is just such a scene that makes one long to cast aside all care, and roam in the Elysian dreamland. But no, the spell is broken forever that enchants me with hopes of peace and rest in this world. In the quiet of this delightful evening comes to me a whisper, WATCH -- PRAY that ye enter not into temptation, In God only is my repose. Thou, oh my God, art my one and my all.

A Temple

My life is a temple, my heart is a throne, Sanctified, purified for Jesus alone; though living on earth, enshrouded in clay, Here is not my lasting eternal stay.

When life's battle is over, the victory won,
Sin, hell and death conquered, time's record is done;
No more shall I wander where faith's steps have trod,
But see face to face my Saviour and God.

Christian Perseverance

Only

Only in Thee I am happy,
Only in Thee I am blest,
Only in Thee is my heart
Perfectly, sweetly at rest.
Only in Thee is my hope,
Hope for all time to come;
Hope's gleaming star will only fade
When I am safe at home.

Only in Thee, yes only,
Only, only in Thee,
My tears shall be dried,
My sorrows cease, only, only in Thee.
Only of Thee to dream,
For Thy face I cannot see;
But the vision shall fade in the light of
day,
When I shall awake in Thee.

Only, only in Thee,
While eternal ages roll;
Of life but a little breath to be,
Yet a living, loving soul.
Forever only in Thee,
Forever with Thee to be one;
Forever to live, forever to love,
God in His beloved Son.

A Living Sacrifice

A living sacrifice I bring,
An offering to my God and King;
Myself and all I have I lay,
Upon thine altar, Lord, today.

Fill me with thy perfect peace,
Jesus let it now descend;
More and more my faith increase,
Wholly on Thee to depend.

Let Thy grace my soul renew,
Till thine image is restored;
Then 'tis all things I can do,
As to Thee my blessed Lord.

Walking with Jesus, Lovin' Him now,
Who once died for me, with thorns on His brow,
Walking with Jesus, full of His love,
Bound for His home in glory above.

Crowned

We labor and 'tis not in vain,
We gather riches rare;
And lay up store for time to come,
By unceasing faith and prayer.

And when we're weary of our toil,
We lay our burdens down;
And take up immortality,
And wear a victor's crown.

Immortality

This mortal frame sinks to the tomb,
To rise in an immortal bloom.

Aug. 1894

Out of the deep dark waters,
Fragrant white lilies grow;
Out of the sombre cloud overhead,
Falleth the beautiful snow.

Thus, out of affliction and sorrow.
We may rise up into the light;
Like a star reflecting the sunshine,
Though the sun be far out of sight.

As lilies may we grow upward,
As stars resplendently shine;
And the snow to exceed in whiteness,
To reflect God's own light divine.

Working for Thee

is brow,

Amid life's din and gloom, me kindly lead,
Thy blessed will by word and spirit heed;
Me closely shield beneath thy sheltering
wing,
Nearer each day, me nearer to Thee bring.

With Thee to walk, faith must unwavering be,
Perfect in rest and hope, and trust in Thee,
Not sight or faith, were faith no more,
But just to follow as thou hast gone on
before.

In thy footsteps humbly, holy, pure, and
good,
Trusting Thy Word that ever firmly stood;
Against all unbelief, and hate, and scorn,
and sin,
To hope in God, and labor, souls for Him
to win.

The Story of THE DIAMOND WRATH

By Susannah Bergey

- III died March 13th, 1895 -- aged 42 yrs.
11 mths. 15 days
daughter of Isaac and Catherine
(Gingrich) Bergey
- II Catherine (Gingrich) Bergey, Oct. 8,
1850, 29 yrs. 7 mths. 3 days
Isaac Bergey, Buried at Neustead
died Nov. 7, 1889, aged 61 yrs. 11 mths
- I Michael Bergey died Dec. 22, 1877,
aged 85 yrs. 11 days
Susannah Aberholtser, died June 27,
1893, aged 83 yrs. 3 mths.

This data is on a marble shaft in Hespeler
cemetary (1973)

Susannah Bergey as far as is known was a
maiden lady afflicted with consumption
(T.B.) during her life. According to
dates and locations in the book she
spent her time with relatives and friends.

Dates and Locations -

Morriston 1884, May 11, 1885
Hespeler 1885, Jan. 29, 1887
Berlin 1892, Feb. 18, June 1894
She died - March 13, 1895

I remember as a lad, that my father, Levi
Witmer, and Jacob Gingrich, went to
Neustead to bring remains of Catherine
Bergey to bury in Hespeler cemetery.

Executors of Susannah Bergey

- Jacob Gingrich
- Levi Witmer

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More Grace

He giveth more grace when the burden grows
He sendeth more strength when the labors ^{greater} increase
To added affliction, He addeth His mercy,
To multiplied trials, His multiplied Peace
When we have exhausted our store of endurance
When our strength has failed ere the day is
When we reach the end of our ^{half done} ~~store~~ hoarded resources.
Our Father's full giving is only begun.
His love has no limit, His Grace has no measure
His power no boundary known to men
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus
He giveth, & giveth, and giveth again

2 Cor 12:9